

FACTION

Display'd.

The Second Part.

Multa admonemur.

L O N D O N,

Printed in the Year, 1704



Welsh fund
(II)

L O N D O N

Printed in the Year 1909

Faction Display'd, &c.

Distant a little from the *Gallick* Shore,
 Rich in it Self, and Strong in *Naval Pow'r*,
 A *Western Island* Populous there lies,
 None more securely Great, or amply Wise:
 Long time in Ignorance her *Natives* slept,
 And no *Religion* knew, or *Order* kept.
 Like Slaves they were Corrected by their *Foes*,
 And learnt Obedience by the force of Blows;
 They gain'd Experience often to their Cost,
 In near Five Hundred Battels Won and Lost:
 Thus Cudgel'd to't, at length they wiser grew,
 But as they left Old Faults, they pick't up New;
 And as in Power, so the *Land* encreast
 With stubborn People, and in Lazy Priests:

A Dawn of Knowledge now began to spread,
And what shou'd be *Religion*, was a *Trade*.

The *Sons of Law*n Pluralities Engrost,

And with the *Prelate* half the *Christian* lost ;

They then turn'd *Shepherds* for the *Flocks* Defence,

And left the *P--pit* to become true *Saints* ;

Taught by Example what so late he Taught,

As soon the *People*, as the *Priest* forgot ;

By Blind *Opinion* into Errors led,

Faith was the only Maxim they obey'd,

For equal *Faith* both *Priests* and *People* had ;

Like willful *Pilots* they through Errors steer'd,

And follow'd what they thought, not what they

[heard.

Int'rest, and *Faction*, sway'd the City Tribes,

And poor *Astrea* was Debauch'd by Bribes ;

Buffoons at Court were held in solemn Vogue,

And Lewdness made a Man a shining Rogue.

The Nation still regrets the heavy Scores,

By *English* Libertines, and Foreign Wh--es :

The Stubborn *People* their own Ways pursu'd,

And *Babes* so taught, their *Parents* Crimes renew'd ;

The

The Son was to his Father's Vices true,
 Till Sin and Shame Hereditary grew.
 Tho' Injur'd Heaven to Reclaim'em sent
Plagues, Fires, and Famines, for their Punishment;
 Yet they Sinn'd on, and their Old Courses steer'd,
 No longer than they felt his heavy Hand, they
 [fear'd.

And still whate'er they suffer'd by his Might,
 Self-interest was the God to do'em right:
 So when * *Jerusalem* their City burn'd,
 More than the *Cause*, they the *Misfortune* mourn'd,
 And e'er 'twas built again, to their Old Ways
 [return'd.

This Great *Jehovah* saw, and long forbore,
 Unwilling to destroy Proud *Judah* more;
 'Till they provok'd him to set forth his Name,
 And speak in † *Thunder* to those Sons of Shame.
 Destroying Tempests issued from his Hand,
 And Terror spread thro' all the Trembling Land;
 Nothing.

* *Fire of London.*

† *Late Tempest.*

Nothing was heard but Lamentations then,
 And fearful Cries among the Sons of Men,
 The Fury past, the Danger was forgot ;
 The *Damage* was regreted, not the *Fault* ;
 The *Sacrifice* then Vow'd they let alone,
 And minded what they'd lost, not what they'd
 [done.

Fate need no other Admonition use,
 To Force a Custom which un-urg'd they chuse.
Faction the Darling of each Stubborn Breast,
 They dearly harbour'd as a Welcome Guest ;
 Such kind Reception in their *Wills* it met,
 That Peaceful Men seem'd all Degenerate.
 Rebellion was a Native Excellence,
 And Civil War was Stil'd a Just Defence :
 Statesmen Collective from their *Bodies* stood,
 And Taught their Kings at the Expence of Blood ;
 The Seeds of **Faction** thro' the Land were sown,
 'Till Dethronation was successive grown.

Her *Vassals* Priviledg'd by Lawless Might,
 Wou'd often put their Monarchs in the Right,
 And teach 'em how to *Rule*, or how to *Fight*. }

As Dial Hands are by the Sexton Plac'd,
 When e'er they go too slow, or run too fast:

Thus without Rev'rence to the *Sacred Robe*,
 Sometimes the Monarch *Rul'd*, sometimes the
 [*Mobb* ;

Who 'spight of Law, or Justice, wou'd be heard,
 (For Tumult ne'er is Lov'd, but always Fear'd.)

Thus Arm'd with Insolence, the *Faction's Throng* }
 Cry'd, *Right* and *Liberty* to us belong,
 And Men so Wise cou'd never be i'th' Wrong. }

The Prince must of Necessity believe,
 And what he shou'd have Punish'd, must For-
 [give.

Since this has still been found the Nation's Case,
 No Hopes 'twill mend in these Divided Days,
 When Spreading *Faction* lifts her baneful Head,
 And S-----s blindly are by Parties led ;

When *Priests* and *Statesmen* do themselves divide,
And Wage a Civil War on either side ;
When needful Subsidies their *Heats* Protract,
And each against their *Countries* Interest Act ;
When causeless Jealousies they keep alive,
And hold Debates on meer Prerogative ;
When Separate **Factions** hold Cabals at Night,
And *France* is found the only Gainer by't.

O, *Albion!* Let me pity thy Unhappy State,
Pity thy Wrongs, as I wou'd grieve thy Fate :
How oft to *Faction* have thy *Altars* bow'd ?
How oft has Tumult all thy Laws subdu'd,
And Stain'd thy Land with flowing Seas of Blood?
How oft have *Princes* from their Thrones been
[Torn ?
And Crowns by those who wanted Right been
[worn ?
How oft her Subjects lull'd with too much Ease,
Blindly Rebell'd against the Nation's Peace?

Till

Till weary of the Change they've wiser grown,
 And then repented what they'd blindly done,
 Banning the *Faction* Chiefs who led 'em on.
 As Bubbles by sharp Gamesters are drawn in,
 Pleas'd with the Flatter'd Hopes they have to
 [win ;

But when Experience better does advise,
 They Smoak the Cheat, and Curse the losing
 [Dice.

Will no kind Precedent divert the Storm,
 Fate seems to brandish in her Threatning Arm ;
 For while Reverse the Nations Power lyes,
 None can be Winners but her Enemies ;
 While *Faction* against *Faction* still prevails,
 To Vote by Turns for *H-----r* or *W----s*.
 And tho' they shou'd in *ANNA* all Unite,
 By meer Antipathy retain their Spite,
 Hence is Her ever Glorious Reign perplexed,
 By those who seem providing for the next ;

For

For shou'd She First (as Heaven prevent it) fall,
 How wou'd each Separate **Faction** then Cabal,
 For S---- P-----, or no King at all ;
 While others busily Employ their Thoughts,
 To Crown Her here, and P---- K. of Scots.

This *Lewis* Laughs at by Intelligence,
 To think that P----- shou'd have so little Sence,
 As Act in Favour of his Kindred P---- ;
 To find a Realm that may with his compare ;
 Our Law's a better Constitution far,
 Where no Invasions to her Shore can come,
 Secure from all Her Foe : but those at Home.
 A Nation both so Valiant and so Wise,
 Shou'd give his long Designs such Opportunities.
 This if Unhappy *Albion* e'er shou'd see,
 O, hated **Faction** ! she may owe to thee !
 Thou Enemy to *Peace* and *Liberty*.
 As Boist'rous Winds Exert the Swelling Main,
 So **Faction** does Disturb the Peaceful Reign.
 Ev'n like a Tempest prevalently loud,
 Which may do Ill, but never can do Good ;

Or

Or like the Refluous Motion of the Tide,
 For **Faction** ne'er can steddy be, or satisfy'd ;
 Since that which Buoy's one Party to their Mark,
 Sinks down the other to an Ebb of Malice----
 As Envious Currs do at the *Moon-light* bark ;
Factions like Greedy Cormorants do wait,
 To prey upon the Safety of a State ;
 In this Rapacious *Species* we may find,
 All that's Destructive in the Preying Kind.
 The *Lyon, Tyger, Wolf, and Crocodile,*
 Strong to Devour, and Subtil to Beguile ;
 These Beasts are led to Prey by Appetite,
 And that Asswag'd, in no more Blood Delight :
 But **Faction** has a more Insatiate Thirst,
 Bad at the Best, and Damnable at the Worst.
 This Raises Fraud, makes Treachery Fine and
 [Gay,
 While Banish'd Justice flies disrob'd away.
 This fills the World with loud Alarms of War,
 And turns the Peaceful Plow-share to a Spear.
 This pulls down Kings, and puts Usurpers up,
 The Common Parent of a Hair-brain'd Mobb ;

To whom Rebellion always does belong,
 Pretending Right, but ever doing Wrong :
Faction like Second Nature does take Place,
 And seldom fails to find its Days of Grace ;
 Of all Degrees consists this *Hydra Sort*,
 From *Turn-stile Garrets* to the *Factionous C---t*.

But now my *Muse*, (for here thou'st dwelt too
 [long,)

Restrain the Limits of thy Copious Song,
 Define thou these Disturbers of our Laws,
 And as thou Sung th' Effect, now Sing the Cause ;
 Trace 'em thro' ev'ry Secret, Black, Design ;
 Shew their Cabals at *P----ts* and the *V---ne* :
 Let it by thy Un-erring Skill be shewn,
 How *Factionous Clubbs* are Nightly carry'd on
 And how *Long-Acre* has *White-Hall* outdone ;
 How Secret Thoughts of *P-----n* there are Nurst,
 By those who are the Fiercest **Faction** and
 [the Worst.

A House there stands for ever justly Fam'd,
 Where *Lifted Faction* once was duly Nam'd;
 There busie S-----rs at Eight repair,
 (Fatigu'd all Day) to Meliorate their Care.
 Here once of late some *Factionous Leaders* met,
 And vext at some Miscarriages, began a Warm
 [Debate.

Maro the Parties Champion first began,
 (*Maro*, that seldom Writ or Talk'd in vain ;)
 A Busie, Hot, Exasperated, Scribe,
 Fit for the Head of that Pernicious Tribe.
Maro in Terms Sagaciously begins,
 And thus Addrest his other *Factionous Friends*.

“ What Planets lately Govern'd our Affairs ? ”

“ Sure there has nothing Shin'd but VVhiggish
 [Stars :

“ Either we've subjugated been by Fate,

“ Or some VVhig Oil hath smooth'd the *Hinge*
 [of *State*.

Att

" At N----- Death you know the Grand Design
 " Was when our A-- shou'd to Fate Resign,
 " To Cross 'em in their H-----n Line;
 " For tho' Succession made it sure before,
 " All Sacred Statutes must give way to Pow'r.
 " Power that Over-ruling Awful Thing,
 " That Gauls the Subject, or Dethrones the King:
 " What then remain'd to bring our Cause about,
 " To Settle J-----, or H----- keep out;
 " But that our Party solely should agree
 " To Vote the Whigs into C-----y?
 " This was a leading Step to the Design,
 " When they must either Buckle, or Resign;
 " Then when we all the Power had Engroft,
 " As we saw good we wou'd have Rul'd the Roast.
 " But hitherto our just Designs have fail'd,
 " And Whigs against our Int'rest have prevail'd;
 " That I have Zealous been to carry't on,
 " Ask N----- and J----- what I've done:
 " I Writ, I Talk'd, I Bustl'd, too and fro,
 " And told 'em more by half than e'er was true;

" And

“ And yet you see ’twas all in vain at last,
 “ We’ve Two impending Fruitless S-----s past
 “ And have no Progress made, to our Vexation,
 “ Not one kind Step to P-----s Restauration :
 “ And now to shew our **Faction** does Decline,
 “ *Julian* and others of our Friends Resign ;
 “ *Julian* in whom we always put our Trust,
 “ And *Clodin’s* ever to our **Faction** just :
 “ Now Bawling *H--* with S-----s shall Accord,
 “ And *M-----n* lose his Hopes to be a Lord :
 “ Now *K-----* before *J-----* must take Place,
 “ And *Geta* to a *Wh-----* resign a M-----e ;
 “ At which Cenforiously the *Whigs* declare,
 “ From strong Impressions of remaining Fear,
 “ They quit Employments which they can-
 [not clear.]
 “ That *Julian* with S—te Pris’ners made too bold,
 “ And whisper a Descent, and Foreign Gold ;
 “ Mismanagements, *Scotch Plots*—— as great a
 Jest,
 “ As *Thirty Sail* now fitting out at *Brest*

“ This Truth by sad Experience we found,

“ And scarce by *Ways* and *Means* can heal the
[Wound :

“ If these must now erect their Heads again,

“ And cross our just Designs in e’ery Reign,

“ For my part, Gentlemen, I’ll say no more,

“ I’ll e’en give **Faction** and Caballing o’er,

“ And ne’er be Voted for a S——r.

Hiero, a Domineering *Factionous* Wight,
Litigious, Positive, and seldom in the Right;
Who all this time (in pain) had Silent been,
Felt now a Storm was gathering within ;
Impatient Anger kindled in his Eyes,
And thus enrag’d to what he’d heard, replies :

“ Have I made all this mighty Stir in vain,

“ To have the Whigs now climbing up again?

“ Must L——s Im——ch’d renew their Days of
[Grace,

“ And S—— reassume his former Place?

“ Must

“ Must *Fortune* on that hated **Faction** smile,
 “ And *N——* succeeded be by *B——* ?
 “ Must Stingy *K——* our *J——* Place supply,
 “ And we like Asses bear it patiently ?
 “ No, if I do, may I forget to Bawl,
 “ And ne’er be more thought fit to Manage a Ca-
 [bal ;
 “ If I not still pursue m’accustom’d Ways,
 “ And shew my self an Enemy to Peace,
 “ If I’m not still against Whig Int’rest bent,
 “ And Right or Wrong oppose in P——t,
 “ Let that damn’d **Faction** Regal Sway cry down,
 “ And shew their Spleen while *A——* wears the
 [Crown,
 “ I will devoutly *J——*’s Right prefer,
 “ And shew my great dislike to *H——r*.

Concise *Sulpitious* next took Heart o’ Grass,
 And made as fine a Speech as *Balaam’s Ass*.
Sulpitious to his Principles a Slave,
 A Fool in all Reigns, and in this a Knave,

Having

Having first gravely shook his empty Head,
 In Terms he thus his want of Brains betray'd ;
 " Since *Fortune's* Wheel incessantly does turn,
 " 'Tis vain what we can't Remedy to Mourn ;
 " What *Fate* by her dark Edicts does declare,
 " Is not Corrected by our greatest Care :
 " Else what Omission ever did we make,
 " That our Affairs this sudden fling should take ?
 " Did we not Act with all our utmost Pow'r
 " And bring in *Bills* that were thrown out before ?
 " Cou'd any Sons of **Faction** e'er do more ?
 " Did we not try the most Effectual Ways
 " To Extirpate th' Ungodly Whiggish Race ?
 " Have not *S——ll* and *D——t* writ
 " With all the Force of Malice and of Wit ?
 " Did they not Trumpet out the Parties Cause,
 " And prove it both Religion and the Laws ?
 " Did we not once Assembled here declare
 " Our Loyal Sentiments of *H——r*,
 " And hatch a Secret and Unjust Design,
 " To bring our other little Master in ?

If then our Industry shou'd prove in vain,
 ' And Whiggish Cards shou'd turn up Trump again,
 ' We cannot alter the Decrees of *Fate*,
 ' But for some kind, some happy, Turn must wait.

Thus ending his inimitable Speech,
 Sage *Marcus* their Attention did beseech ;
Marcus who will State Matters undertake,
 Tho' he can neither Think, nor Act, nor Speak.
Marcus, who never yet did Reason know,
 But Right or Wrong did Vote with S— C—and H—,
 When to be Eloquent the Wight Assay'd,
 His shallow Tongue the Office disobey'd ;
 Often he Stammer'd, Humm'd, and wou'd have
[Spoke,

Till busie *Curio* up the Cudgels took :
Curio, who warmly does Preferment Court,
 Tho' without Parts to qualifie him for't ;
 A Self-conceited, Proud, and Worthless K——t,
 A Tool to Faction, and a J——te.
Curio, when all were Silent, thus began,
 And did in Terms, like these, his angry Thoughts
 explain.
' In

' In vain at Whiggish Power we Repine,
 ' Since *Fate* unstrings the Wheel of our *Design*,
 ' Since *She* our Tory Projects does display,
 ' And turns Affairs the quite contrary Way ;
 ' We ne'er, what we have aim'd at, shall obtain
 ' In *A*— Mild and too Indulgent Reign ;
 ' To all her Subjects equally so kind,
 ' That even Whigs to *A*— are inclin'd ;
 ' To whose Protection they for Shelter fly,
 ' Our *Schemes* and *Stratagems* they all defy,
 ' And laugh at *Tory Plots* and *Policy*.
 ' Nay, even *Fortune* does their *Cause* advance,
 ' As if they were the Care of Providence.

But e'er he'd finish'd what he wou'd have spoke,
 A *Voice* was heard, and the Foundation shook,
 Which in each Face a pale Confusion struck :
 A Gloomy Horror fill'd the darken'd Room,
 And the faint *Lights* did Lambently consume,
 While in the Intrim of their Stern Surprise,
 A Guilty *Ghost* approach'd their wond'ring

[Eyes :

Intently while they its Form survey'd,
The Ghastly *Spectre* shook its Awful Head,
And thus began——

• From H--ll, where *Night* in Sable Triumph
dwells,

‘ From those eternal dark and dismal Cells,

• Where no kind Star imparts its fav'ring Light,

‘ Not one faint Ray dispel those Clouds of Night,

Of no small Glimpse those *Gloomy Shades* partake,

‘ Nor *Scythian*, nor *Cimmerian* Skies so black,

‘From thence I come to warn ye, O Ingrate,

‘ More to Regard your injur’d Countries Fate,

‘ Avoid those Ills by **Faction** you Create.

' In me the Guilty F—k now Regard,

‘ Whose Crime remember once you wou’d have

...fpar'd.

‘ My Ghastly *Shadow* fteddily farvey,

‘ While I your Faction and Cabals display :

‘ Is it for this ye spurn’d at N——— Reign ?

‘And now of *A*—Gentler Sway complain?’

‘ Is it for this ye are by *Faction* drawn,
 ‘ To seek your Countries Ruin with your own ?
 ‘ And while ye busily o’er Trifles pore,
 ‘ Suffer a Foreign Army at your Door.
 ‘ This *Fault* you’ll find unhappily exprest,
 ‘ When there’s confirm’d a *Scotch* Descent at *Brest*.
 ‘ ’Tis true, when living I embrac’d Extreams,
 ‘ And pinn’d my Faith on Abdicated *J---s* ;
 ‘ Thought him an Injur’d Monarch and a Good,
 ‘ And firmly to his *Faction* Party stood :
 ‘ But now I have of hidden Knowledge shar’d,
 ‘ Where the Events of *Fate* are all declar’d ;
 ‘ Where for past Crimes such Punishments we
 [feel,
 ‘ As will not let us be insensible ;
 ‘ I’ve learnt my Error from those dark Decrees,
 ‘ And Rebel Thoughts by deep Instruction cease :
 ‘ I own the Right an Injur’d Nation did
 ‘ When she from *Rome* her Threaten’d *Altars* freed ;
 ‘ Applaud the Just and more Approv’d Design,
 ‘ Of quite expediting that detested Line.

'E'en I, who justly suffer'd for my Fact,
 'Now shrink at Errors you think fit to Act.
 'To see my Countries Peace thus rack'd and torn,
 'And on the Wings of **Faction** basely born.
 ' **Faction!** Who while we shamefully contend,
 'Ye neither to your Country prove a Friend;
 'Heathens wou'd blush at those Intestine Jarrs,
 'That now are wag'd 'twixt Christian S—rs.
 'Then cease your Emulation, and Unite,
 'And under *ANNA* shine immensely bright;
 ' *ANNA!* whose Reign had I but liv'd to've seen,
 'I'd ne'er Recorded for a Traytor been.
 This said—— Nor cou'd the Vision longer stay,
 But in a Cloud of Darknefs slunk away.

F I N I S.